

He Who Paints The Black Of Night

The Vision Bleak

A painter I have been
For as long as I can think
But never quenched the feather
Into the firkin of black ink

My motif's been of beauty
Diluted and too light
My stroke of brush is worthless
Until I paint the blackest night...

A darkened empty room
A screen in dreadful white
Waiting for the flame
Of inspiration to ignite

So I begin my work
I sweep the brush through black
A line on the horizon
Now there is no coming back

But to my great excitement
Like in a secret rite
With trembling hand I paint
And fill the cloth with night

Deeper and deeper
I fall into trance
I am led by a sorcerous hand
With death in my eyes
And madness at heart
Grandeur is cast into art...

Of the shadow, of the sin
And death therein
And darkness fills my sky
Of the brave and seldom kin
Is he who paints the night

By a magic arrangement
And the assistance of fate
Stroke by stroke I descend
Into the abyss I create

Deeper and deeper
I fall into trance
I am led by a sorcerous hand
With death in my eyes
And madness at heart
Grandeur is cast into art...

Of the shadow, of the sin
And death therein
And darkness fills my sky
Of the brave and seldom kin
Is he who paints the night

From that secret fountain

Henceforth I will be fed
Never shall I leave its haunt
Until the day I hail the dead

I vomit on your junk
And piss on your false skill
You shall never understand
The glory of good and ill

Shadow, darkness, death and sin
Half off from this pack
You will never be complete
Until you paint the night in black